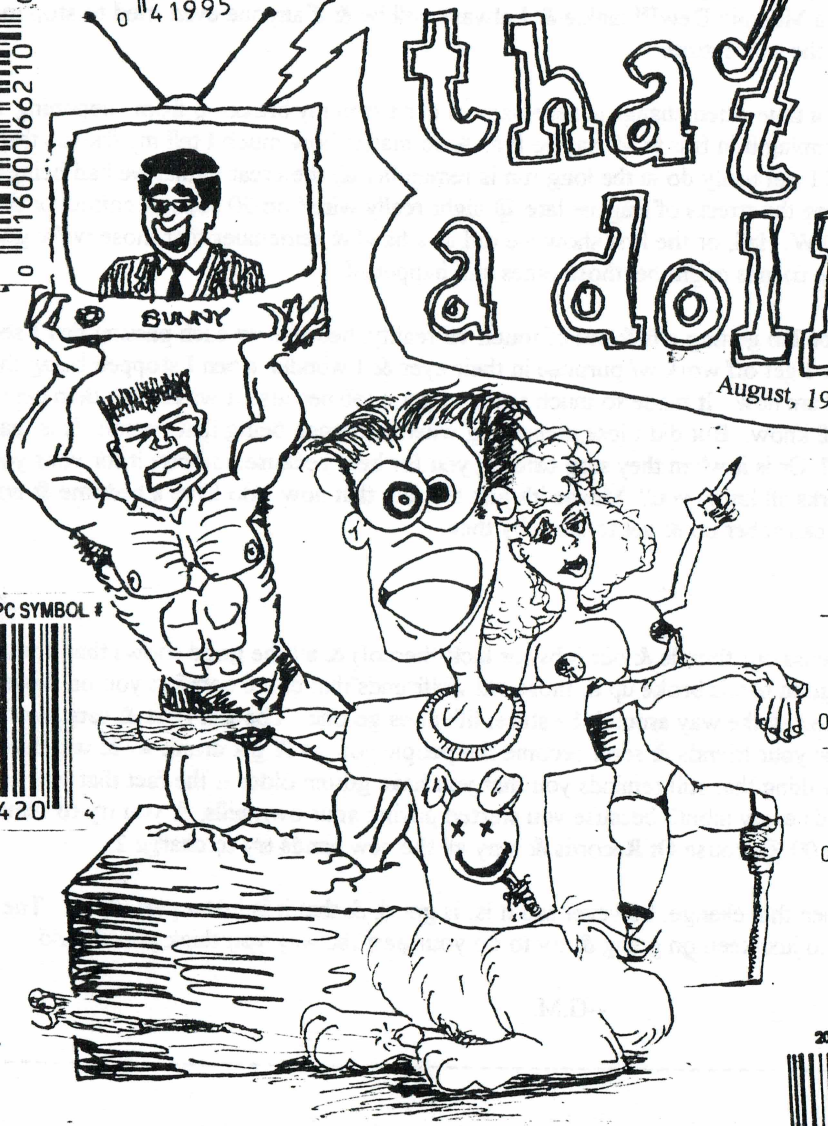
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Volume I, Issue #1

I'd Buy that for a dollar!

August, 1996



I'D BUY THAT FOR A DOLLAR

Volume I, Issue 1 August, 1996

Change <Clink> Is Good:

Change perpetuates a lot of things in my world. Break-ups, new jobs, suddenly being poor, friends moving away, new friends emerging from the old ones, & even a change in your soft drink you regularly drink. I can't change that, though, because I'm a Moutain Dew™ junkie & I always will be & if anyone even tried to stop me there will be some serious problems in the near future.

But there comes a time when change is necessary. I can't stop my break-up from happening, & I have to get a new job as much as slumming it in fast food may be fun, & no matter how much I tell my friends that they can't move away they do, & all I can really do in the long run is remember all the great nights we had being drunk in my old apartment or wandering the streets of Eugene late @ night really wired on 50 cups of coffee, or the time we saw the Spinannes @ the W.O.W. Hall, or the first show we did as a band & remember that those we're good times, & no matter how far away those friends might be, those times still happened.

I think that maybe I'm getting old & out of touch w/ reality, because w/ each passing day I see something walking late @ night after I get off work w/ purpose in their eyes & I wonder when I stopped being that person & started being the person I am now. It made so much sense to get a job because it was better than being poor, & being poor really sucks as we all know. But did I lose something when I stopped being that person, & is that the sign of being old & out of touch? Or is it when they stop carding you for beer because you buy it for your younger friends so much now that the clerks all know you? Maybe it's just the fact that now I do have a bedtime & now I have to start drinking earlier so I can sober up & get to sleep by then.

That must be it.

As much as we miss our friends & our jobs (or lack-thereof) & all the good shows that don't happen anymore because all the good bands broke up & those old girlfriends that could comfort you on those days when the drive-through was wrapped all the way around the store, life does go one. The sun rises & sets, new bands come into town, new people become your friends & soon become the people you go & get drunk w/ & watch really bad shows for dirt cheap, & the only thing that still reminds you that you have gotten older is the fact that you have a little less money to spend on records every month because you started paying your own bills, & you try to remember the days when 'zines were only $1.00 @ House Of Records & why all the new hands try to charge 2.

& you realize then that change, however sad it is, is good, & that it is just a part of life. The only way to really work through it is to just keep on going & try to do your part the way you think you should.

--G.M.

Cover Art; MEOW, Here's Cathead; Spawn the limpets!; coming soon...; Back Cover Art *by Olaf D. Neeper*

ANNOUNCEMENT Collage by G.M.; **But Wait, There's More!** Collage *by Some Guy At The Glenwood, Lyra Cyst, Keith Haynes & G.M.*; **Spawn the limpets** Collage *by G.M.*; Collage (on this page) *by G.M.*; Collage before **"Well, That About Wraps Things Up..."** *by G.M.*

Art & Text Layouts *by G.M.*

If you wish to contribute a story, poems, piece of art, or anything else roughly 2 dimensional that can be conveyed via xeroxing, or just want to drop a line, please write to:

I'd Buy That For A Dollar c o A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Publishing P.O. Box 10502 Eugene, OR 97440

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Colors that remind me of a mid summer

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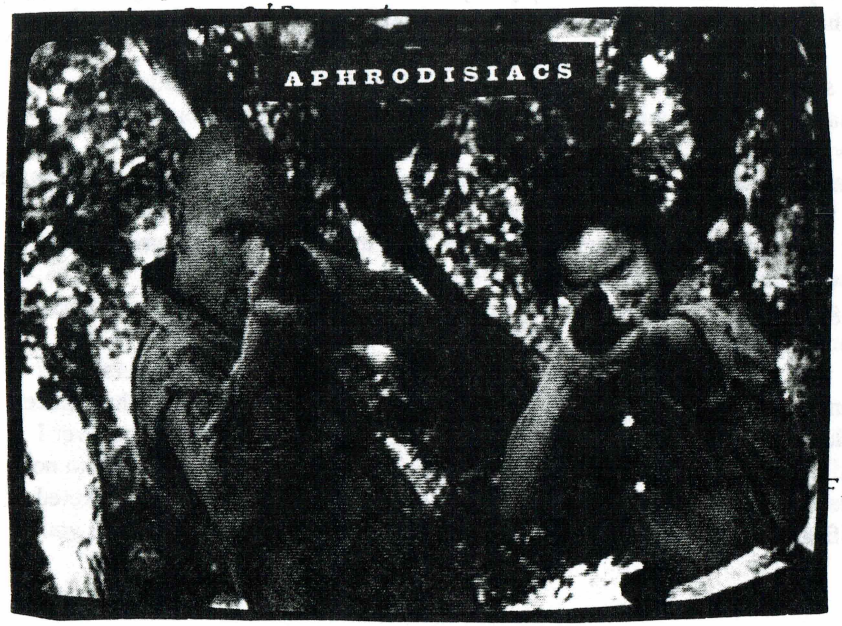
ON THE ROAD

"FORECASTING QUAKES," SAYS CHUCK REAL, "IS LIKE LOOKING AT A WALL AND GUESSING WHERE IT'LL CRACK."

The Temptation

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INNOVATE

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CONJUNCTION
WHAT'S YOUR FUNCTION?
JUNCTION
WHAT'S YOUR FUNCTION?

THE FAST FOOD WHORE: A DOCUMENTARY OF INSANITY by G.M.

Sunday. June 2nd. 1996. 11:50 P.M.

I just got home from work @ Taco Bell™. There is only one difference between the hell that is McDonald's™ (or any other Fast Food place, for that matter) & Taco Bell™, & that is that Taco Bell™ is open later than all of them. In all other respects, it sucks just as bad.

This is my second week @ Taco Bell™, & already I already know how to do most of the work. Sometimes the employees I work w/ are surprised that I actually know how to do my job. I just tell them, "Hey, a year & a half @ McDonald's™ helps." They just look @ me funny. "But this is Taco Bell™?"

I know it's Taco Bell™, but it's all the same. The only difference is the names of the products.

It's really funny, too, because people don't seem to understand that all fast food is the same, essentially. Most of the people I've met always go into extreme detail as to what kind of hell their job is, & how, "My manager makes me wash the dishes in-between orders & expects me to get it done by the time we close. How is that possible if I'm taking orders?"

No matter how many times I tell people that, "That's how it is @ _____," they just think that I'm making it up or something. If only they knew.

A quick re-cap of the day's events:

I woke up around 11:00 A.M. w/ a pounding headache, & I was still tired. Since the pollen is in full force, I had taken some allergy medicine the night before & it really did a # on me. I dinked around on the computer a bit & the sleepiness melted away. A cigarette & a sip of root beer helped out. Around 3:00 my Division St. counterpart showed up, off from his shift. He handed off the Taco Bell™ baton, & we discussed nerdy things like computers & stuff. After the scooping up my walkman, headphones, empty Dew™ bottle, book, & uniform & carefully placing them all in my bag, I pressed play & biked off to O-cat Hell.

The sun & pollen was in full force, & I had already downed a cup of water & allergy pills. Still, my eyes began to water like nobody's business. The trek to Gateway mall is quite long because I am staying in West Eugene & Gateway mall is in Springfield, basically. The music made the trip go by faster, but the traffic on nearly all sides of me was unnerving. Now I know why the urge to want to run bikers over is so present while driving: because they make themselves such easy targets.

Upon arrival @ Taco Bell™ I surveyed the area: the store was slow, so to speak. Slow of course meaning that there were few customers & the managers were leaning on the tables BSing. I had an hour before I was to clock on, so I filled my Dew™ bottle w/ Dew™ & read my book for that period of time.

@ 4:55 P.M. I clocked on, ready to lease my time for meager pay yet again. It's interesting, though, because on the schedule I am supposed to start work @ five, & yet the managers insist that I clock on five minutes early because, so it seems, it makes working out the time cards easier. I don't mind too much because I get paid for the five minutes (even though that would equate to about $0.60, before taxes) but why do I have to do extra work to make the managers lives easier? They get paid to work out time cards & things like that. I don't. But I'm doing part of their job for them? I think I'll ask for a raise soon.

Today I met Robert, aged 21, who was also working the other register for taking customers orders along side me. Robert used to work in law enforcement or something, because him & Aaron were discussing what police can & can't do. I pulled out my little blue card that said "Know Your Rights" on it & told Robert than whenever I got stopped by a police officer, I would ask them if I was getting arrested or ticketed. "Because," I said, "if I'm not then I hand them that card when they ask for my I.D." (See, in the card it says that unless you are getting ticketed or arrested, you don't have to show identification unless there is a reason to think you are violating curfew when you're under 18.)

Robert looked @ the card & said, "Now that's being a smart ass," in a New York/My-Brain-Doesn't-Fire-All-Of-It's-Cyliders-When-I-Talk accent. "I would take you to the station for FUN if you did something like that to me."

That is the kind of person Robert is, so you can guess what kind of day I had.

I was working 2nd register, & my job as 2nd register slave was to make sure that all of the tables in the lobby are wiped down, the floors are swept, the bathroom's are clean, & the customers are happy. I don't know exactly how to make the customers happy, but I did an outstanding job cleaning. After about an hour of working, I was done. This is where the tricky part is @ fast food restaurants, because managers have a built in endorphine release every time they say, "If you've got time to lean, you've got time to clean," (which is funny because the managers are the ones that seem to lean the most) & they also get another endorphine release every time the make sure that I am cleaning. So for the rest of the night I was coming up w/ brilliant ways to make the manager think I was actually working. I would sit down @ tables as I wiped them down, making sure to, "clean all the cracks & crevices." I went off to the bathrooms to sit & fuck off when I was, "stocking TP & sweeping." I should patent some of these ideas.

Robert is the kind of person that had to make sure you know everything about him when you really don't care. I would be out in the lobby, picking up strewn about straw wrappers & such & Robert would call out my name & I'd come over to the counter. He would then proceed to say, "That blonde girl that bought that Bean Burito™? She was hot. But that's okay. You can have her. I've got a wife. She'll be here to pick me up @ eight." Like I care? Who does he think I am?

Robert also likes to treat me like I don't know anything. He was genuinely surprised to find out that I was 21, just like him (Which is the general reaction when anyone else finds out how old I am. God, I feel like I'm ancient Nearly everyone @ Taco Bell™ is in their teens, including managers!). So I'm taking an order & this woman wants to have a cup of rice along w/ the rest of her order. I look @ the keypad on the register & there is no button marked "Cup O' Rice" (which is odd, because the keypads @ Taco Bell™ are so fucking easy to understand. Like I'm ever going to get confused by a button marked "Taco" or "Water"). So I look @ Robert & I ask him how to ring in a cup of rice. Robert clears the whole fucking order & proceeds to say, "They didn't train on the register, did they?" He then re-takes the whole order & rings in the cup of rice. After the order is done, he then shows me who to work the register. I think he's the fifth person to try to teach me how to work the already blatantly obvious register.

But he doesn't stop @ that. Every once in a while he'll reach over & punch in part of the order I'm taking for me because I'm not fast enough. He'll also give the customers the cups I'm supposed to give to them when I can handle reaching the whole three inches fine on my own. Over the course of the day, I began to develop a strong loathing for Robert.

@ 8 Robert left, & I sighed a relief & went off to look @ the schedule for next week. Taco Bell™ weeks are odd, because they start on Wednesday & run 'til Tuesday. Of all the nutty things. As I was about to write down my new schedule, I looked up & saw that it was not up yet & the one I was looking @ was this weeks. Oh well.

On sunday, the 2nd, near my name 10:00 was erased & 11:00 was written in.

I went back to the front register & went about my business.

Finally, I realized that even though 10:00 was not too far away, I wasn't supposed to go home then like I thought. I double-checked my schedule book where I write my working schedule down, & there, in black ink was what the manager had told me over the phone on Wednesday. "5 to 10, Friday, Saturday & Sunday."

I asked the manager about this & she said that I had always been scheduled to work 'til 11. I showed her the schedule hanging near the coats w/ the erase mark under my name w/ 11 written in. She said that nobody had changed the schedule. I reminded her about the phone call on Wednesday I had made to verify the schedule. She said that she told me 11 on Wednesday.

I went out to the lobby & noticed there were still no customers. Since Robert was gone, I decided I'd cool off & smoke periodical cigarettes while I told the manager I was in the bathroom. The childish mind I have said, "That'll teach her!" w/ each drag I took.

The music @ Taco Bell™ is unreal. No one in the store knows where it comes from or what station it is, & it has no commercials so I never hear a station identification. While I was "working in the lobby" one time I wandered around & looked for some sort of device that would pump out music. I couldn't find it. I started to get worried. I think there's some kind of mystical relationship between the music, which is all pop tunes from the 80s, & the atmosphere of the store. It's hard to keep customers inside let alone me. Then again, if I sat in a room that smelled like disgusting bastardized mexican food staring @ puke green/gray/blue/I-don't-know-what-kind-of-color-it-is walls & tables, I wouldn't want to be around for long either.

Suddenly, w/out warning, some Green Day song played while I was sweeping, & I looked around the nearly-empty store in bewilderment & my mind tried to picture the band playing a show w/ Don Henly & Barbara Striesand. I quickly dove for the nearest door & inhaled another cigarette, trying to convince myself that there really isn't a conspiracy to drive me crazy even though everything else my inputs can pick up are telling me there is. I spent the rest of the night singing "Life Sucks, Do Me" by Titwrench to ease the pain. It helped only mildly.

While I was "working" the other three employees (which should have been four, but one girl convinced the manager that she had homework to do when she was really going to go off & meet w/ her boyfriend or something) were frantically getting food made for the drive-through orders, which never ceased even though it was a Sunday. I tried to imagine what kind of mentality it would take to want to order food from Taco Bell™ late on Sunday night, got frightened by what I came up w/ & went back to fake sweeping.

The clock read 11 & the manager, in a frenzy, locked the lobby doors to the outside world & for a brief moment I felt sudden claustrophobia as I wondered what evil things she had in store for me now. I suddenly paniced, thinking she smelled the cigarette smoke & would then punish me by making me stay 'til 2 A.M. However, it ended up she was stupid like I thought & just wanted to count my till to see if I had stolen any money or something.

My till was $0.05 over. That's one more nickel that Mr. Taco Bell™ himself can spend on his car. As I left I stole some more Dew™ & right as I was about to leave I heard "Epic" by Faith No More play on the mystically-piped-in music. I shuddered.

The bike ride home was pleasant & relaxing in the night air, & I rushed home to watch, "The Mystery Science Theater 3000 Hour." Tonight's movie: "Colossal Man" or something like that.

This is my third fast food job. Well, fifth if you count the two other different McDonald's™ locations I worked @. All that's left to be made up for is the short stint @ Wendy's™ I made, which didn't last long & I sometimes forget about.

When I used to live in Cottage Grove a friend of mine, Brandon, worked @ Burger King™ AND Carl's Jr.™ @ the same time. BK in the morning, CJ @ night. We used to call him the fast food whore. I think now I have taken over that mantle. I hope he doesn't mind too much. But then again I heard he was in jail so I don't think he will.

I work next on Wednesday. Two days of full rest. God, I hate my job.

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| FASHION by Amber Birmingham |
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To Queen... Or Not To Queen

Recently I have noticed men miserably failing at trying to dress, look, and act like women. I'm not claiming to be a fashion expert or critic, but I am a woman and I know how to look like one. I also have experience in making very attractive females out of men. (No I am not conceded, but I am very proud of my work and wouldn't mind making it a profession.) Anyways, enough of my bragging and on with the article.

I have made it my duty to send you at least three no - no's each issue.


Too Many Drugs
Too Many Drugs
Sure I'm sure!
Hey baby... wanna listen to the dead kennedys and fuck all night?
We will take over the WORLD!
You don't have to be a punker to have killer sex.....
BUT IT HELPS
Hey, Will You Buy Some of These Drugs I'm Really Sick Of This Acid And I Have Not Come Down For 5 Days...
Sunday morning with an owl special
But Wait, There's More!

1. **The Blue Eye Shadow Syndrome** -- Great, if you're a queen, but if you want the not so outrageous look try natural colors. Although I am starting to see it more and more on 15 year old hicks, it is also starting to infiltrate itself into the punk scene. But I think browns, grays, and greens are perfect for more of a realistic and artless look.

2. **Lacy Sweaters Over A Frilly Dress** -- Hmmm I don't think so. I guess it would be all right if you were having lunch with Barbara Bush, but other than that it just looks tacky.

3. **Hairy Legs! Shave them or cover them?** -- That IS the question! I'm sorry but I think it looks really bad when a man walks in looking extremely elegant and feminine with a forest for legs. If you don't want to go through the trouble of shaving them at least wear tights. I would also recommend for those men who tend to have somewhat of a gut to get control top tights.

These are just my opinions and suggestions, and you don't have to follow them if you don't want to, but I think they will help you achieve that female effect you've been hopelessly failing at.

Wipers & Unwound... A Rememberance

by G.M.

The other day I bought The Wipers' *Is This Real?* album along with Unwound's *Fake Train* LP. The story goes that I was really upset, and spending money makes me feel better, but in all actuality, what really happened was I just really wanted those albums. I have so many fond memories of listening to these albums with The Ramen City Kid, and now that he moved away to Hungry I feel like there is a musical void in me that can't be filled. I tried to fill it with other things, but I had to finally bite the bullet and admit that it was these albums, and these albums alone that I needed and since I've got them I feel a lot better.

The Wipers are just the embodiment of being a teenager, and for all those people out there who are still listening to things from this region just because it's cool, you might not like the Wipers. The emotional intensity of this album is up, down, left, right, and everywhere else. I really feel like I can relate to Greg Sage right now, trying to get past a break-up and trying to verbalize all those things I'm thinking is just too much for one song. He can do it, and not just with relationships or things like that, but with the general fucked up way real life is.

I guess you could say that the Wipers are the first grunge band, but I hate that term so much it makes me want to kill puppies. The first time I ever heard the Wipers was when The Ramen City Kid made me a mix tape of all these bands I never knew even existed. I am, to put it bluntly, a little musically naïve. But he put three Wipers songs on that tape and "Return Of The Rat" was my song for months after that.

Another song on that same tape was "Ratbite" by Unwound. The first part of the tape was sort of a theme tape, with songs about Rats. I had never heard anything as intense or completely wild and kinetic like Unwound. It blew my mind. I listened to that tape until my last walkman ate it, and after that I cut out the bad sections and still listened to it until it was broken during a road trip.

When I used to live with The Ramen City Kid, I would borrow his Wipers CD and record the only two songs I knew off of *Is This Real?*, "Return Of The Rat" & "D-7" for all the tapes I made for my friends. I would also put a copy of "Ratbite" on there, because I couldn't get those songs out of my head. They just blew my mind.

I never actually listened to the rest of the albums. I don't even know why, because now that The Ramen City Kid is gone, and I have purchased to own these albums, I now know that limiting myself to those two songs is just to little to get by on. There isn't a second of either album I don't like. It's odd to have something like an album become important to your life, and then one day realize that you only accessed one 12th of it's possible potential.

That like waking up one morning and realizing after years and years that there is more to the house you live in than the one room you sleep in.

I don't know if this is exactly healthy, but I'm starting to try to rebuild The Ramen City Kid's record collection. There is already a lot of overlap, but now that he's gone there is a large section of my being that is dying to sit and listen to Men's Recovery Project while I make dinner, or try to sleep while listening to KARP on the lowest setting the stereo can handle before the music completely disappears, or even listening to The Teamsters just so I can sing along with their cover of "Honky Tonk Woman." These songs are a part of my life now that was so important to me that it wasn't until I couldn't ever listen to these songs again that I realized how important they are to me.

In a way The Ramen City Kid opened my eyes to music I would have never even known about. He was really into buying records, finding old out-of-print bands that I'd never heard of, buying all the new 7"'s by the local bands from here, Portland, Olympia, and anywhere else he's been. I don't think I would have ever found Kicking Giant at a record store on my own, but does that mean I'd like them any less?

Probably not.

Anyway, just my 2 cents worth.

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| THEE HOOOOOLEEEEEY SCRIPTURE! by The Soylent Green

\----------/

***Sermon*: Caffeine & Nicotine = Nectar & Ambrosia**

(***Note***: This Sermon, originally preached by Yet Another Pope of the Church Of Blasphuphmus in the month of September, the year of our Earl 1995, was transcribed in order to spread the word to others who were not fortunate enough to hear it first hand.)

Now brothers and sisters, let me lead you in the ceremonial lighting of the oh-so-holy cigarettes while we wait for stragglers to gather themselves in this most holy church Ye Ol' IHOP and toast the Nicotine God with the cup of Nectar (Light Cream, heavy sugar). This 'eve we have gathered ourselves through the treacherous lands of 13th Street, where we fought with such creatures as the treacherous "Buds" beast, made deals with the friendly "Doses"creature, and fought the unimaginable smell of the Hippy Monster. Yet others traveled across the lands of campus, where the drunk Frat Boy and annoying Police Officer's kept some of us from our daily quest for...

What exactly are we here for? No one exactly knows. But we have journeyed, and far we have done so too. Some from Springfield even. And we all come here for one reason: to toast the Caffeine & Nicotine Gods and give wish for those who are not fortunate enough to be here this 'eve.

For those of you who are new to this caffeine ceremony, let me give a quick bit of history on the caffeine ceremony so you may fully understand why we are here today, and why we chose to honor and worship these gods in the ways we do.

Years ago in the early days of punk rock (Amen) there were discontented youths with no where to go and no true land that was their's to call home. They traveled the length and the breadth of the land and were stopped at every turn and corner with such conspiracy's as "this town has a curfew," and "this establishment is for 21 and over." They all had one thing in common though, and that was the belief that caffeine & nicotine products can enlighten the soul.

Then, a small group of these kids one night, out of shear boredom and lack of anywhere to go, went to a coffee house and began to consume the caffeine and nicotine products that have become the Trademark™ of our religion. They had no reason in doing so (other than none at all). No real purpose. And after a while, they began to even become annoyed with making the trip to such places day after day, with no true purpose. The enlightenment had come to them, and they realized that the only true being was what they made for themselves in the real world.

MEOW, Here's...

CatheaD

A fabulous new
band from
Globe, OR!



But the youths did not like that answer, and had given up their everyday lives for spare-changing for money for coffee and cigarettes... and founded the religion we practice today to search for the real truth.

So now, let us give thanks to these gods and speak the toast to them now:

Oh great nectar & ambrosia, we consume thee for no other reason other than to waste money, time, and brain cells and give thanks to you, who provide us with sleepless nights, excessive cases of light-headedness, and, when all else fails, give us the reason we need to not kill ourselves in this hopeless, obnoxious, and pathetic town we live in.

Thank you, and goodnight.

Dawn Of The New Goatboy!

by G.M.

Not too long ago my best friend moved away to Talent, Oregon to live with his girlfriend. I still hear from him occasionally, but life just isn't the same any more without him. Humorously, I used to live in Talent though and to think that where I went to school when I was in first grade for about a half a year is now where he lives just blows my mind. Then again, the town is so small I wouldn't doubt that he's actually been to the house I lived in.

As much as it hurts me to have my best friend move again though, it's not him that I am upset with. I understand that there are certain things that people just have to do, and I've done some things for my friends and my girlfriends that I really thought was the thing to do at the time. I can't get pissed off at him for hurting me because he didn't mean to, but I can get pissed off because I miss him a lot, and it won't be for a long time before we can do all the things that made best friends best friends.

Surprisingly, this isn't about my best friend. When he still lived up here in Eugene, he used to help his mom raise goats. Me, being farm illiterate, didn't really know much about any of the animals, so actually seeing that many goats all at once was almost beyond my understanding.

My friend used to help his mom with the goat shows and the local fairs, and this year she would be short a person to help her out where my friend would normally be there. I don't know if I felt the need to atone for some sin I have committed in a past life, or if I just felt like I needed to just be nice, but I told her that I'd help her with the goats this year at the Lane County Fair.

Now, let me stop and illustrate the exact situation her so you can get a mental picture here. I work in a bookstore, and dress accordingly even outside of work. I have never really taken care of an animal other than a cat and a box turtle. Consider this, and the fact that I really don't like fair-type social gatherings too much, and you have the recipe for some potential embarrassing situations.

Okay, back to the story. She and I had worked out a system for taking care of the goats. On the days that I could make it over to the fair after work or on days that I didn't work, I would come over to the fair and make my way toward the goat pens. When I got there, she would tell me to either change the goats' water, of put more feed in their feeders, or bring such-and-such goat over to be milked, or whatever needed to be done. It really wasn't that bad as far as work goes, because it didn't take too much physical energy or mental energy, and it was fun to see all the people come in and think that just because I'm in a goat pen doing whatever it was I was doing at the time, that I know everything about goats and why the ones in the pens across the way don't have any ears, while the ones next to that have floppy ears.

Well, of all the things I learned about goats, I was really disappointed to find out that milking a goat is nothing like masturbating. I had heard that rumor somewhere, and I bet it was started by someone like me who had never grown up around farm animals.

So I showed up on Tuesday after work and she tells me that I'll need to come in early on Wednesday, my day off, to feed the goats at 2 and do typical goat things, and then keep checking on them throughout the day until she got there later. This meant that I had to stick around the fair for quite a while. Oh well.

Circumstances arose where two things happened that evening that made Wednesday an interesting day indeed. First, my girlfriend broke up with me, and though this really isn't the point of this story, it does give you and idea of what kind of mind set I was in. Because of the break-up, I did the typical not-too-intelligent thing that I thought would make me feel better: I drank two bottles of Guinness Stout as quickly as I could, one after another.

And so it came to pass that on Wednesday, the day I came to the Lane County Fair to help take care of goats for my best friend's mom as a way to atone for some inner guilt I was feeling for some reason or another, trying to make sense of this fair in the 110 Degree weather, I had a really bad hangover.

Now as a rule I don't like most people anyway, but that's because I have a Capricorn Moon and it's not that I really hate all people, it's that I just really hate stupid people. I spent the first part of my free time wandering around, trying not to puke from all the smells surrounding me, looking for somebody, anybody that I knew so I could just latch onto something familiar. I was so disoriented with the fair and the goats and the hangover that I was really worried I would get hurt or something.

To my dismay, there was no one anywhere that I could find. I settled for sitting and writing in the grass near the entrance of the fair. My logic in this was I could get out of the heat, still be outside so I could smoke, be able to write, and still have time to see all the people that were coming into the fair so I could see if I knew anyone at all.

Well, I was still hot, my own cigarette smoke was being blown into my eyes, my notebook was too small, my pencil broke, and I still didn't see anyone I knew. My headache got worse.

I tried to take stock of all the good things in my life for some reason. I couldn't think of a single thing. I'm a poor person, compared to some people I know, and I'm currently staying in the living room of a friend of mine. I may have two jobs and I may be able to afford cigarettes and a new record when I'm in the mood, but I still can't seem to get myself into a financial level of being where my income exceeds my bills. In conjunction with all of my money matters to worry about, my ex-girlfriend was heavily on my mind so I didn't even notice the elderly man approaching me in the grass trying to get a cigarette from me.

He said, "Can I buy a smoke from you?" He was fairly tall, dressed very nicely and had a tone in his voice that reminded me of my grandfather. I told him that he really didn't have to buy one from me, that I would just give him one if he really wanted one, but that they were Dave's and I hope he didn't mind.

"No, I insist that I buy one from you," he continued. "That way, if I feel like wanting one later, I'll have to buy it then too and I might not want to do it again."

This man's logic appealed to me in my state of mind, so I gave him a Dave and he gave me a quarter.

He sat down on the grass next to me and for a few brief moments we sat in the grass together, silent, and I felt like I was part of a fellowship, like an old workers union remembering the days when they used to strike when striking could actually accomplish something, or from the days when male bonding wasn't the obscene thing it has become.

We talked about the weather a bit, and soon the conversation came back to smoking. The elderly man started talking about what a bad habit smoking really was, and that all it really was was a habit. And a really bad one at that. The contradiction of him smoking while he told me that I should quit didn't really spark the inner laugh it normally gives me, but in my state of mine provoked me to wonder if maybe he was just using smoking as a metaphor for other things in life too. Maybe smoking represented my bad moods I get when I start to think to much about how fucked up life is, and that getting depressed was just a bad habit, and one I can kick if I try hard enough.

He seemed to be really interested in me as a person, and maybe he was a little drunk or something because I felt like maybe he thought I was his age. Maybe that was just me, though, but he rambled on about how he had quit smoking once or twice in his life and that he had even broken that habit of smoking in the house because one day he realized what horrible things the smoke had been doing to the walls. I listened, totally hypnotized by this old man's words, secretly believing that he was some kind of cherub sent to help me overcome something that I wasn't dealing with at the time.

Eventually the conversation turned to school, something else that had been weighing heavily on my mind in the recent past, and the eeriness increased because it seemed like he knew what I was thinking. "School is really important, you know, especially college and especially for people your age. But you also have to consider being able to live on your own and being able to pay the bills, so it's a delicate balance that you just have to learn how to do ove time."

I didn't know what to say. I just listened to his words, wishing I could thank him for the insight that he had given me on all the problems I was having, but in the end my hungover mind could only nod and say, "Yeah," a lot.

Finally, he got up, his cigarette smoked, and said, "Well, I've got to go and find my wife before she catches me smoking," and with that we said our goodbyes and he went to become part of the crowd of people again, never to be seen again.

No too much later my friend's mom was at the goat pens doing goat things that goat people do at goat fairs, and I began to help her out like I had the last few days before, not telling her about my hangover. I secretly enjoyed that days work more than before though, and for some reason I like goats now more that other farm animals, even if goats don't like me, and even if they smell really really bad.

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| "Again With The Hurting." by G.M. |
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I am the worst romantic the world has known. I couldn't produce a single romantic moment if my life depended on it, or the if the relationship did for that matter, in which case the situation would lead to a break-up soon. My only concept of romantic is to know to the day the length of our current relationship, and even that is a bad thing because you'll know exactly how many days you've been seeing each other when she gets tired and pulls the plug on things.

I've very little luck with romance. I've tried everything I can think of to lure the essential person to my by dressing well, and suave, even doing downright cool things like smoking expensive cigarettes, or acting really to pretentious for my own good. But in the end I've found that romance is like shit and politics: it just happens.

Call me cynical, but after my recent break up I think I'm going to hold off on relationships. I've not even sure why I'm putting this in this magazine, save for the fact that this whole issue is, to a small degree, about change, and my recent break up is a big change in my life. But I made a discovery with my last relationship that I didn't notice in the past, and think that discovering this has made my life a little better.

I was piecing together my scrapbook a week or so ago and I ran into my horoscope. Not just a daily clipping or anything like that, but a whole chart with planets and houses and everything that I don't even fully understand. A friend of mine that I haven't seen in a really long time did it for me on a computer using some kind of program that does all the equations for you and plugs the necessary info in.

Well, according to my star chart, my love life will be revolved around looking for the perfect mate. The mate to end all mates. I am in a search for marriage, I guess, or at least permanence. And when I think back to my relationships, almost all of them were over a year. It's no wonder we break up when my idea of romance is staying at home watching a really bad movie while I write a story or practice playing bass. I'd probably leave me too, just on the grounds of not getting any sex.

Our generation wasn't built for long term. How long does a song stay popular in the mainstream? How long do movies stay in the theaters before they're forgotten? How often does a major product change it's slogan? It seems like a daily event in this world, and I think that's rubbed off on us when we deal with relationships.

Now I'm not saying that I need to learn to just get over my break up, because it still hurts like a mother fucker. I still cry when I hear certain songs, and I still wake up thinking that I should call her up and see if she wants to meet for coffee, forgetting that we're not seeing each other any more. But in the long run, life goes on, and when it comes down to sitting in this basement apartment all day long sulking and being depressed and skipping work and

letting my life got to shit, or getting on with things and remaining a part the world I inhabit, then I'm going to go for door number 2 Bob.

I guess the point is that the cynical old me has decided that I don't need a relationship to be happy. That's not to say that I was disappointed with my last relationship and that I thought it was horrible, but with my failure Vs. success rate it seems to me that I can continue to be the unromantic me and make myself happy without ruining another person's time in a long term relationship that will end in a break up. I've got two different hands to chose from if I get lonely, I've got plenty of other things to write about if I get bored, and on the whole, it costs a whole lot less for a date when instead of going to somewhere spendy I can go to IHOP.

However, the above title is still very appropriate.

Eugene Scene Report

by The Soylent Green

Originally, I had an interview with Cathead I wanted to run, but that was lost via a series of circumstances that are really hard to sum up within this volume. So I thought I'd start by talking a bit about some of the local acts here in town that you can catch if your in town. Many people seem to think that the music scene here in Eugene has died off lately, but I would disagree. There are so many local acts that have been floating around that get little or no mention mainly because they have not substantial releases to speak of. So, for those of you looking for an alternative to Floater, the Daddies and KNRQ night at John Henry's, here's some bands to look out for the next time you're in Eugene.

Conkrit, a local 4 piece in the Ramones/Dead Kennedy's vein have been playing the WOW Hall and Icky's, as well as local parties for quite some time now. Rumor has it that their studio takes they cut a few months ago are even better than their live shows, full of more kinetic energy than one could imagine using the imagery in their "Party In Chernoble" song. They will be playing at Icky's Teahouse with Cathead on September 20th (doors open at 8:00 P.M. $3.00 at the door).

If a harder edge is what you're looking for, check out Virgin Mary Abortions. Every time I've seen them I feel like I'm stepping back in time, to an era when Rock 'N' Roll was about good music, fast cars & faster guitars. Their line-up changed a bit recently, but their still just as good as I remember. They may also play on September 20th at Icky's.

In the Industrial vein, Terminal Amnesia made their debut at Icky's during a noise show that reminded me of a Nine Inch Nails/Skinny Puppy cross blend, with enough random noise thrown in to fulfill the old-school industrial needs. Live, they have some kinks to work out but their demo tape that's been floating around is reminiscent of the old days when industrial was a respectable genre of music. I couldn't tell you when they'll be playing next, but you should check them out if you can.

If you life in the Medford area, you may be able to catch the band formerly known as Flak, now called Parasite. The only member of this band recently relocated, and though I haven't heard a full demo tape yet, what I have heard is an odd blend of industrial, punk and Pink Floyd ambient. Weather or not he'll ever do a show is up in the air, but for all I know he's got an album out and I just haven't heard it yet.

The industrial duo Malkyn, foregoing the whole live performance scene, has been diligently working on a studio tape which should be available this fall or winter. I've heard bits and pieces of it and I am very impressed. In addition to music, the two members recently started a leather jewelry and bondage paraphernalia company by the same name, whose products are the most competent I've had the pleasure of owning.

A.C.R.O.N.Y.M., who, in their own words, are like, "Negativland, old Sonic Youth & The Germs in a broken food processor... kind of," have been the force behind several "noise" shows at Icky's. Their line-up changes (asumedly by whose available and who can afford an instrument) from show to show, but front man Austin Rich is producing a 90 minute cassette entitled *I.t.'s. N.o.t. J.u.s.t. A. W.o.r.d. A.n.y.m.o.r.*, using such low tech methods that


Anarchy: It's not the law, it's just a good idea...
Spawn the limpets!
As one aristocrat remarked,
"Some people try to play ska and they put too much into it. You have to just keep it roots, get a groove and stay with it— and don't go jacking off like some heavy metal dude."
coming soon...
...from I'd Buy That For $1.00
Didn't I see this in The Portal?
...ATTACK OF THE KILLER FOAM DICE!
Die

even the actual completion should be interesting enough to merit a listen. You can catch A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. at the regular noise shows that are scheduled at Icky's. There isn't one in the near future, but wait long enough and their will be.

Many moons ago I saw a group called Confused By Tools, a mellower version of godheadSilo. I haven't heard much about them since, but only a few days ago I was informed by a reliable source that they may be back, sans guitar and bass player, plus a new bass player, and a new set. If this is true, they are a must see. I hope they still do "Johnny The Tunafish" because that was probably my favorite song.

There have been hard times for Cathead lately, now working on their third year of, "musical creation in all forms." At a practice a few months ago, guitar player Syd Louse lost the use of his left hand in a pyrotechnic / stapler accident. Reports are sketchy at best, but sources say he became addicted to the hospital drugs they made him take, which lead to his relocation to the Medford area for rehabilitation. Vocalist Kiisu D'salyss now plays guitar, and the band took a short hiatus from live shows for "retooling." Their music is hard to describe, but I consider them a psychedelic collage of everything under the alternative umbrella. They would probably disagree. You can catch Cathead live at John Henry's on September 7th, or at Icky's on September 20th. They have also began the long process of re-recording their long-awaited album release, *A La Carte*, which should be ready for spring.

There are so many other local acts that are worth checking out that I couldn't possibly name them all right here. Some other local guys I recommend include Brett Estep (acoustic Rock 'N' Roll), The Wrist Rockets (Ramonnes-esque Punk Rock), & Grand Punk Railroad (uhm... imagine a lot of acid, the amps turned all the way down with someone tuning a radio in the background... it's cool if you're into that kind of thing... if not, well...). I also strongly recommend any Icky's show, despite their bad reputation, because there are a lot of good bands that come through there and all you need to do is pay two buck for a nights worth of good music.

I'm also part of a cassette only Record Label called WANC Records (in case you already didn't know that) and I'm offering a WANC Sampler tape with many of the above bands on it. If you are interested in a catalog or the sampler tape, send a request for one to the same address of this fine publication.

For all you yuppies out their with internet access, there are some home pages for Malkyn, Cathead and A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. (as well as WANC Records). If you are interested, the URLs are:

http://www.efn.org/~garl_p_s/malkyn/malkyn.htm (Malkyn Leather Goods)
http://www.efn.org/~garl_p_s/Cathead/CatheadPage.html (Cathead Home Page)
http://www.efn.org/~garl_p_s/Cathead/WANCPage.html (WANC Records Home Page)
http://www.efn.org/~austin_r/ACRONYMBand/ACRONYMBandPage.html (A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. The Band)

Next issue I'll be interviewing Terminal Amnesia. Until then, go out and become a part of the scene!

FUCK

by Patrick McHugh

Fuck. I really like that word. Not just there on paper, I like saying the word in a harsh and abrasive manner as possible. Why? Why do I have such a fondness for a word so many find utterly offensive? For just that reason I suppose. All the masses that cringe at the word. Fuck.

It's poetry really. I find so many meanings in the word. To me, the word fuck not only symbolizes all the frustrations and anxieties I have, when uttered it catches the attention of all those who are otherwise blind to my fears.

Fuck idols. The lead singer of the band Nirvana, Kurt Cobain, committed suicide. And America cries out. "Foul! How could he? What kind of message will our children receive?" A terrible irony in all that. Poor Kurt. Shoved into a position we as humans have an absolute need to fill. Forced onto a pedestal, he jumps off (to his tragic doom) and there are those who want to blame him entirely. Idols. Anyone will do really. So long as they are young and beautiful.

So now ol' Kurt is in an even more awkward position of idolatry. The immortal. Perhaps you are familiar with at least on of these fortunate ones--Buddy Holly, James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Sid Vicious, and sadly our new additions--River Phoenix, Brandon Lee, and Kurt Cobain. If you like you could probably choose from over a thousand different posters, t-shirts, etc. of each of these still young, still fresh faces.

Fuck commercialization. It isn't enough that we've become so accustomed to so much luxurious bull shit, but there are those people who are thoroughly content in telling you what you're needs are. And when one "necessity" become quite popular it is sure to be mimicked. Ice beer. Observing commercials over the past few months, I have been overwhelmed with the numerous Ice Beers sprouting into existence. Funny how each one insists they are the best Ice Beer in some way or other. Fuck, I don't even know what an Ice Beer is.

You know, fuck religion and government as well. As if those two organizations can ever be classified as separate. Institutions that certainly don't want to hear, "Fuck!" It seems so ironic to me that the word freedom is used so often by the church and state. I was raised LDS (Mormon) and we had our "freedom of choice". Hmmm. And here in America how privileged we are to have so many freedoms. Yet what defines these two entities but basically people telling other people what to do and not to do, and in the same breath going off on freedom. Needles to say I have a few contradictory ideas on freedom. Should it be any wonder that I want to shout, "FUCK!"

Most of all fuck violence. We as humans have come to a level in our society where violence is more acceptable than peace. Why? Because of technology and the power it endows. The hypocrisy of it all is no one wants to admit to their own particular brand of violence. Gang violence. TV violence. Guns in school. The NRA. Jerusalem/The Middle East. Video Games. War Games. Child abuse. Spouse abuse. Suicide. Homicide. Abortion. You yourself are involved in some sort of violence (the food you eat, the clothes you wear, the medicine you take.) Directly and indirectly violence is an everyday part of our lives. But that's o.k. Just choose a group or topic to blame for the unstable and dysfunctional society we all know. Hell, you can even choose society in general. We blame them, they blame us. Then tout yourself or the group you associate with as the victim. They victimize us, us them. It's a beautiful little cycle isn't it? Fuck.

Well fuck technology. So much of our ills can be blamed on technology (interesting concept, eh?) But no one wants to give up their precious luxuries. I see our needs as very simple. Food, Air, Water, Shelter, and Family. We require all five. They are necessities. Why a family? For a sense of belonging. It fulfills our need to be loved. All these things we are trying to know. Science. The Computer Age. Institutionalized Learning. The Information Super Highway. We think too much and try too hard to know everything. If only we could concentrate more fully on our true needs. Food, water, air, shelter. These are easy enough to come by. So long, of course as we do not destroy all four with technology.

The hardest to come by is family. Families must be united. They must posses understanding and unconditional love. But can a family be united when certain views are the only views allowed? Can a teenage lesbian be truly united to a family who would criticize and shun her if they knew of her sexuality? Can a sexually abused child understand the bond a family can attain with such distortion forced into it's perception?

It is time to break the cycle of dysfunctional families and bring into existence truly united, understanding families. Which in turn produces a united people. And fuck family values. Why distort such a beautiful entity as a family with exclusively christian ideals. This world is too broad for that. I guess all that I am really trying to say is this--families united can know. Families and Unity undoubtedly can bring the knowledge of our true needs. It isn't easy. What's easy is to blame everyone but yourself. My everyday goal is to at least try to accept everyone into my family. After all, we are all human and not really different. Hmm. How didactic of me to go on so. Well, fuck.

be good. be bad. just be.

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| "Well, That About Wraps It Up..." by G.M. |
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For those of you who know me, I've always tried to keep a 'zine going. I've been through so many incarnations & so many failed one-shot ideas & things that sounded really good @ the time, & even though I really like doing 'zines & really like to work on them, in the long run I end up doing something stupid or just not sticking w/ it, & it becomes a memory. For the longest time I was roommates w/ The Ramen City Kid, & I was so blown away by his dedication to his 'zine that I felt like I could never compare. I'd throw together something I thought was really good, & then boom, the next issue of Ramen City USA would come out & it'd just blow my mind. I couldn't believe that what I thought was good was good, & I'd get a little discouraged & then that would be it.

The thing that I've come to realize in my little community of friends & scene makers is that it isn't a contest, & we aren't getting judged on this & that we'll all, in the long run, just keep doing what we do best because if we don't then we end up abusing perscription drugs & that's just not cool... or @ least not done regularly.

W/ age comes wisdom, & w/ all the changes in my life I realize that every kink in my neck isn't from couch surfing or staying out past my bedtime, it's just a part of me & the things I do. I used to think when I was young that everyone had to get real jobs in life & that only the select few that are talented enough can be creative. But they know that from birth. They are "the chosen" so to speak, & they will always be that way & eveyone else just has to work 9 - 5 in retail.

But since I am the worldly age of 21 now, I've come to learn that it's not that I am getting to old or to out of touch w/ reality or to into my jobs or anything, & it's not that reality is only for those that can't cope w/ science fiction, but that I was wrong when I was a child. Everyone has a story to tell, & even though I knew that I always wanted to tell stories & work on some sort of magazine, it wasn't until all the aforementioned changes happened in my life that I began to understand that I was still thinking like a 10 year old & not a 21 year old.

Maybe I'm not as grown up as I thought.

This issue was mainly culled from my last attempt @ a 'zine before I decided that real life didn't allow me time to do a 'zine. If those of you who know me remember seeing some of this stuff before, then that's why.

I want to apologize to anyone I portrayed in any way that may be offended. The intention wasn't to offend. Hopefully, the people in question will understand.

If you feel like there is a story you want to tell that's appropriate, then send it in. Anything & everything will be printed. Nothing will be turned down. Since this issue was "change" very loosely, the next issues theme is, loosely, bad food. Thanks for reading.

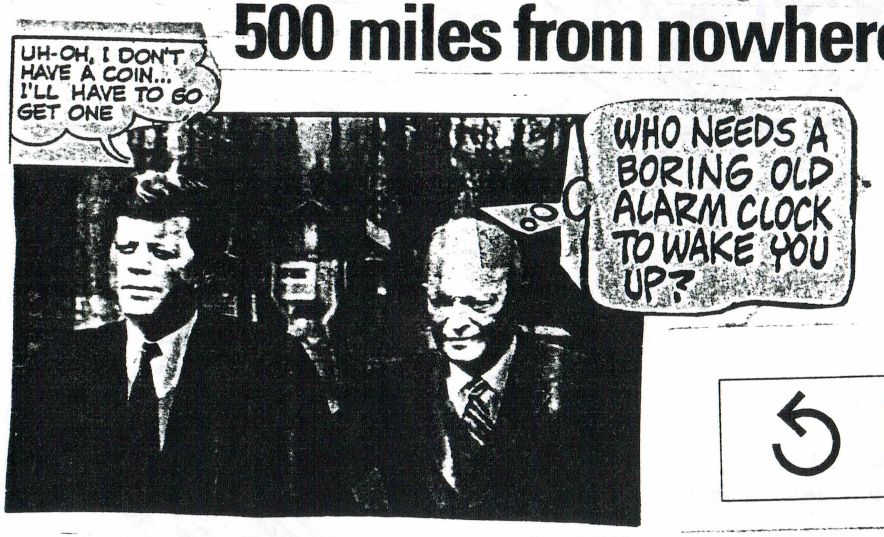
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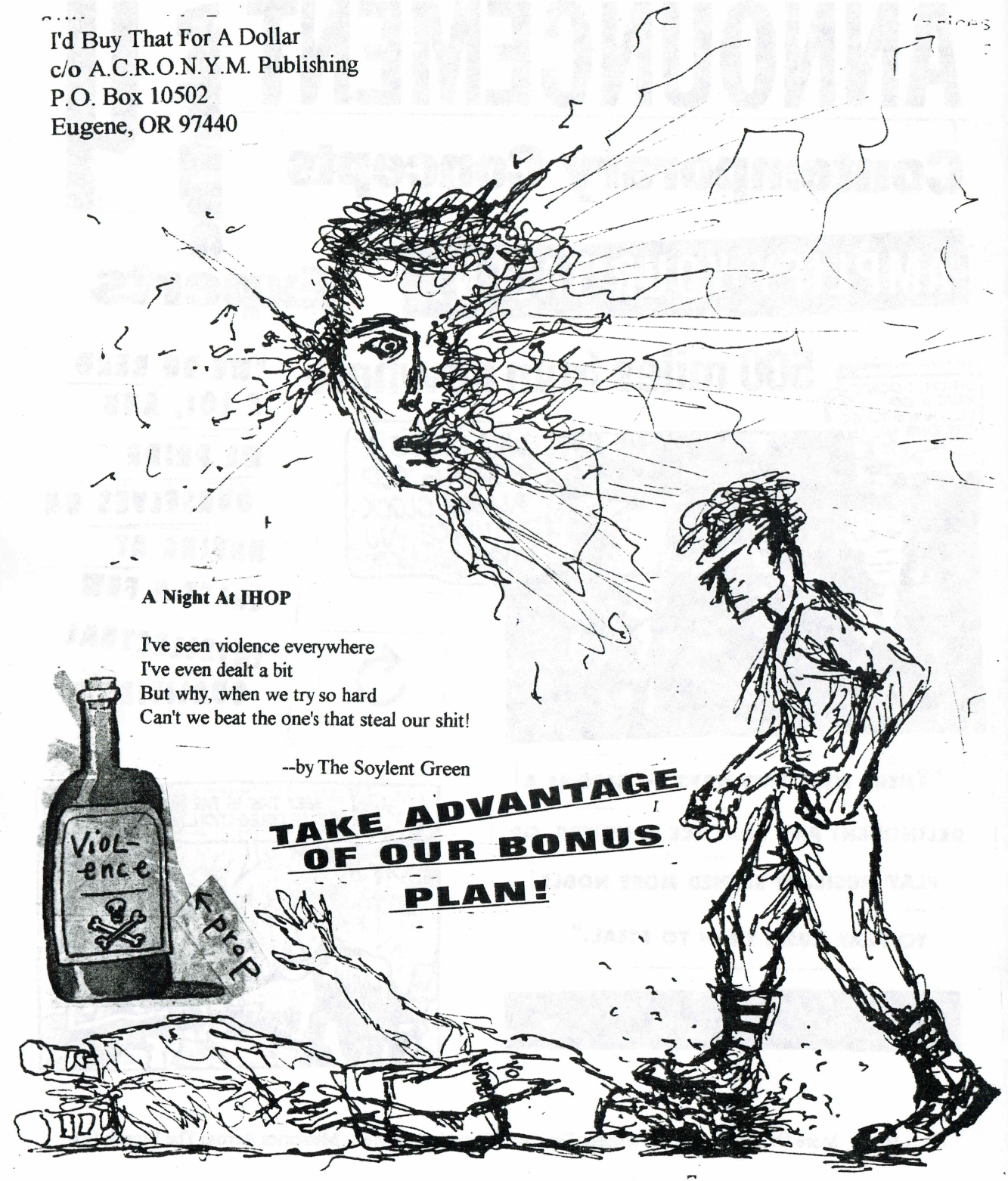
"WE DO READ A LOT, AND WE PRIDE OURSELVES ON HAVING AT LEAST A FEW INTELLECTUAL QUALITIES."

"THERE WERE TWO WAYS — BECOME A DELINQUENT AND PRACTICE BANDITRY, OR PLAY MUSIC. IT SEEMED MORE NOBLE TO PLAY MUSIC THAN TO STEAL."



Next Issue: More Of The Fast Food Whore; Terminal Amnesia Interview; Memories Across The World; Etc.

I'd Buy That For A Dollar
c/o A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. Publishing
P.O. Box 10502
Eugene, OR 97440



A Night At IHOP

I've seen violence everywhere
I've even dealt a bit
But why, when we try so hard
Can't we beat the one's that steal our shit!

--by The Soylent Green